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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - J. S. KEPPLER
BUSINESS-MANAGER - A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR - H. C. BUNNER

SPECIAL NOTICE

The INDEX to VOLUME XVI. is now ready, and can be had on application at this office, without charge, or will be mailed to any address gratis.

IMPORTANT TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

At this time of peace and good will, when the asperities of the recent political conflict are all but smoothed out by the hand of kindly Time, when even the bitterest opponents of the new administration stand ready to accord its acts the benefits of a just and impartial judgement—at this time of all times we deeply regret to find Mr. Cleveland, in whom we have reposed a great and hitherto well-deserved confidence, guilty of an act that may do much to excite bitter feelings and revive smoldering animosities. This is a painful thing to say; but we cannot neglect our obvious duty.

In his Inaugural Address, able and well-considered as it is, for the most part, Mr. Cleveland utters one phrase that will wound many hearts. It grieves us deeply to repeat it—Mr. Cleveland alludes to “the Busy Marts of Trade.” We never expected this from you, Mr. Cleveland. There is nothing in your record which led us to look for anything of the sort. It may be that you do not fully realize the gravity of your offence. But there are many hearts that will bleed when they meet again that phrase so long ago consigned to ignominy and oblivion. Why, Mr. Cleveland, in the long dry evenings in the Ark, many and many a time the paternal hand of Noah was raised to castigate the graceless Ham, who had acquired the habit of using that fatal set of words. And the phrase has since rested like a curse upon the glorious oratory of America.

When the war broke out, you will remember, the patriotic citizen either left his Plow in the Furrow, dropped his Hammer on the Anvil, or leaped to the front from the Busy Marts of Trade. Nobody nowadays believes in the Busy Marts of Trade, except the young men in business colleges. There was a time when every man who kept a grocery felt that his establishment was a part of the Busy Marts of Trade. But that time is past. If you had spoken of the Lively Limbo of the Stock Exchange, or the Wild Whirl of Wall St., or the Dizzy Domain of the Dry-Goods District, all might yet have been well. But the Busy Marts of Trade, Mr. Cleveland, is a phrase that belongs to the Bitter Past.

If ever there was an *omelette soufflée* blown up by newspaper puffs, it is General Sir Garnet Wolseley. In a real, solid, able-bodied war, in a contest between white men who meant business, Wolseley would last about, say, from six minutes to six minutes thirty seconds. He is, it is true, a holy terror and a caution to snakes as a dispatch-writer, and his feats of valor with non-combatant newspaper-correspondents have made him the wonder of the age; but we greatly fear that his connection with military business will get him into trouble, if some day it should be necessary for England to declare war against another nation of Caucasian fighting capacities.



Wolseley ought to evade such awful possibilities before it is too late. We can suggest to him another newspaper sensation. Let him leave the service of Her Britannic Majesty, come hither, pretty one, to these hospitable shores, and go to recruiting under the banner of O'Donovan Rossa. The work is light, easy, more or less genteel, remunerative, and safe. The new patriot scheme of raising money to buy a regiment for the Mahdi is meeting with immense favor among the most aristocratic of servant-girl circles. And the British hero would be doing the Mahdi no more service than he is doing him now. The fund subscribed will cling with the usual affection of dynamite funds to this country and this country's bar-rooms.

It is not flattering to the good sense of the country that the two principle tasks which lie before President Cleveland are to persuade the

legislators, first, that a dollar of United States money ought to be a redeemable, marketable dollar of 100 cents, and, second, that only those should hold public office who are honest and capable. Yet this is the work ready to his hand, and he is going to have trouble in doing it. There are men in this country who sincerely believe that a currency of wampum or iron filings, issued *ad libitum*, would be a blessing to the country, if only there were enough of it—people who think that anything which a government chooses to call money *is* money; and who wonder why merchants and bankers cannot be got to agree with them.

And there are people who conscientiously hold that office under government is a prize to be scrambled for by organized parties, and, when captured, divided among the winners. These two classes between them have got the business of this country into a bad way—the one by making our national currency a thing of doubtful and changing value; the other by putting politics into the hands of low and mercenary men, whose ignorance and lack of principle are so dangerous to good government that the whole community is kept in a state of feverish anxiety from one four-years' term to another. Mr. Cleveland must meet face to face the hostility of these two sets of men. It is as certain that he is right as it is that two and two are four; but he will have to prove his self-evident truth as though it were a novel and subversive proposition.

ELFRIDA.—It was Keats who wrote the sonnet you mention. It was entitled, “On First Opening Chapman's Homer.” Chapman, you will recollect, was the left-fielder of the original Atlantics, of Brooklyn, who held the championship for years. “Chapman's Homer” was the home-run that won the game. Now you want to know how Keats could open Chapman's home-run, eh? Well, we won't tell you. You are just like all women, you want to know everything; and your sex searches so hard after knowledge, that it is more than strange that you seldom know anything. But if you must know how to play base-ball, you had better get a copy of Puck's ANNUAL for 1885. It will cost you only twenty-five cents. After you have read it through four times, come to us, and we will let you know the proper thing to do next.

UNDER THE NEW MANAGEMENT.



POLICEMAN.—“You had better move on, gentlemen; political mashers are not wanted around the National Theatre.”

WITCHING WAITERS.

FASCINATING KNIGHTS OF THE CHECK AND NAPKIN.

[From Advance Sheets of the Daily Whirled.]

Our now famous Society Series closes with the following brief sketches of a few of the leading waiters of our metropolis. Every reader of the *Whirled* will, we are sure, recognize the pictured forms of these bright ornaments to the society of New York, prominent among whom is

MR. FINERTY BORU, more popularly known as "Finn." Who that has ever partaken of the bounteous fare dealt out by Messrs. Scully and Stilly in their palatial restaurant in Mulberry St. will ever forget the mobile grace with which "Finn" moves between the table and the kitchen, and, loaded down with his savory and smoking burdens, pauses to fling a graceful and airy compliment to the auburn-haired

beauty in the soiled plate department, whose warm coiffure so often ornaments your butter? For the easy, yet lofty dignity which is the despair of all his rivals, and which he inherits from a long line of Hibernian ancestors, Mr. Boru has no equal in his noble profession, and his "Wan!" "Two dooms wid hard on the side!" and "Coffee in the dark!" are familiar as household words in the ears of our best citizens.

The French quarter has many citizens of whom it is justly proud; but of none more than of

MONSIEUR ALPHONSE DE MITASSE.

Graceful, accomplished and energetic, this scion of fair France can forget to give back more change in one evening than any other gentleman in his line. It is rumored that M. de Mitasse will soon buy out the establishment of his present employers, and continue the business on his own account.

Another bright star in the galaxy of popular favorites is

HERR FRITZ LIEBOTSCHANER,

of Goulash and Spätzle's Bierkeller. Herr Liebotschaner, who formerly played *Lohengrin* to admiring thousands when a Count in his native land, now musically intones his cheerful "Einmal Wiener-schnitzel!" "Einmal Leberwurst!" and "Zwei Bier!" beneath the vaulted arches of the favorite Bierkeller in Avenue A. Graceful and imposing of carriage, Herr L. is noted for his carefully graded

code of etiquette, and his accurately adjusted system of bowing is the wonder of the profession. It may be of interest to know that Herr Liebotschaner has no less than eight delicately

graduated bows in recognition of a fee, which he uses as circumstances may require; and that his bow in acknowledgement of an order for an imported beer is set to an angle of 73° from the perpendicular, or 11° more than his customary bow for "one city."

Thompson St. boasts among her most beloved children

MR. GEORGE WASHINGTON WOOLLEY, frequently alluded to as the "Sable Stew-Slinger of Savannah," which was the place of his birth.



Gifted with agreeable manners and a generous and fascinating smile, Mr. Woolley has become deservedly dear to all the gourmets of Thompson Street. It is said that no gentleman in the servitorial guild can carry so many plates on one arm as the subject of

this brief sketch. This accomplishment, however, was acquired only at the cost of much long and patient study, and it is estimated that if the crockery broken in Mr. Woolley's early experiments were spread out on the tops of the back-yard fences in one continual line, it would suffice to discourage seventeen-and-one-half miles of cats.

We close our list with the name of

MR. CHOLLEY GALLUS,

the Handsome Hash-Hauler of Houston Street. The élite of the city know well Mr. Gallus's clarion cry of "One slaughterhouse and a mурphy; one plate of steak, let the blood follow the plate; one yard of pork!" (three pigs feet), and freely admit that he has no superior in the art of scaling checks across the room and landing them on the rim of a soup-plate. Mr. Cholley Gallus has added a new refinement to the high and holy art of waiting.



A PROPRIETOR of a roller-rink says: "It will be found that most persons who are down on skating-rinks are those who do not know how to skate." The truth of this is readily apparent, and the only way to avoid it is to make the rollers square.

A POETESS EXCLAIMS: "Thou didst wrong in wakening me." She was undoubtedly correct.

WITH THE merry skaters gliding
O'er the lake,
Come little urchins sliding
In a line,
And the fancy figure-cutter.
"Can he make
An eagle?" I should stutter—
On his spine.

IT HAS been said that no man can be accounted happy until he is dead, and there is little surety that things will be better over there. If half the "good" people go to heaven, it won't be a pleasant place to live in; and if one-quarter of what is charged against the other place is so, it will be anything but agreeable, for a permanent residence.

Puckerings.

THE POET ON MARCH.



I love the windy month
of March, with all its
roar and ring,
For then new life and
tender hope are set
on everything.
The air gives hints of
clover pink and white
upon the hills,
And blue birds in the
apple-tree and anti-
bilious pills.
Of pink arbutus in the
wood, and of the rural
lass
Who briskly with a carv-

ing-knife digs up the sassafras.

The hunter with his shot-gun knocks the rabbit off his legs—
For weeks the thoughtful Dominick is anchored on her eggs.

One moment all is rosy, and sweet Nature seems to smile;
The next up comes a hurricane and grabs your silken tile.
I dream of the anemone and airy daffodil,
And of the bunch of watercress that trembles in the rill,
The lily-of-the-valley, and the red and yellow rose,
And marvel of the ducats for a suit of Summer clothes.

The vernal poet writhes upon the editor's boot,
Your neighbor's Shanghai in your garden loves to root.
The school-boy's happy when he's playing 'one old cat,'
Medora teases for a lovely Easter hat.

The happy swallow circles o'er the windy mere,
They tap the maple as they would a keg of beer.

The circus pageant cheers the country solitudes,
The base-ball player from his chrysalis exudes.

The organ-grinder grinds his venerable airs,
The landlord dances when you talk about repairs.

I love to hear the fish-horn on the morning bright and glad,
And know that at my breakfast I shall have a juicy shad.

When I know the bird of Summer in the tree-top softly chants—
What to me though sharpest whirlwinds go cavorting up my trousers?

What to me the dusty eddies that meander in my eyes?
What to me the yellow pancakes that the cook no longer fries?
For Winter's gone, and soon the vine will twist around the slat—
The outlook makes the poet jump and dance upon his hat.

THE ROLLING-SKATE gathers the cuticle.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT has won the race. The Bartholdi pedestal will probably come in second; but we fear the Keely Motor is distanced.

WHAT THE United States Navy needs is a sinking fund.—*Burlington Free Press*.—We should think that a floating fund would be much more useful.

IT is announced that the Arkansas Legislature has done itself the credit to refuse to take the papers of Little Rock. If James G. Blaine had only done that!

DR. TALMAGE wants only those railroad trains bearing good Christians to go to destruction. Dr. Talmage evidently doesn't want to lose any of his church-members.

"KEEP THE milk-room as near 60° as possible," says *The Kansas Farmer*. Yes, but suppose a man hasn't a 60° on his place? It must be very inconvenient to move the milk-room every time the thermometer shifts.

"THE HAYESES, both Rutherford and Lucy, were at a champagne dinner in Cincinnati the other day. Alas, how fallen!" remarks the *Hartford Post*. We haven't much confidence in Rutherford; but we don't believe that Lucy did.

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.



The girl I left behind me
Was pretty and all that,
Bright golden ringlets glistened
Beneath her airy hat.

She had a dainty figure,
Her hands were small and white,
Her mouth was like a rose-bud,
Her eyes were warm and bright.

Her way was light and graceful—
She was a roguish elf—
A sweet bewitching fairy,
And well supplied with pelf.

She sang like any wild bird,
She danced with wondrous art,
And looked just like an angel
In her red village-cart.

Full often in the moonlight
We took a little stroll,
And sat beneath the hemlock
Upon the lonely knoll.

This girl I left behind me
Was just a lovely girl;
She was a perfect daisy,
Likewise a precious pearl.

Often I think about her,
And the sweet long ago.
Why did I go and leave her
Behind me, would you know?

That girl I left behind me,
And swiftly ceased to woo,
Simply, oh, simply, simply
Because she asked me to.

MR. DAVID DUDLEY FIELD ON CITY NOMENCLATURE.

Mr. David Dudley Field delivered a well-considered address before the Geographical Society last week on the subject, "The Incongruity of City and Town Nomenclature."

His case against the piebald map of the United States and its confused jumble of names in every known tongue, landish and outlandish, was a good one, although our lack of race and color prejudice renders them both inevitable evils.

We cannot agree with Mr. Field in many of his suggestions and strictures, more especially in the changing of the name of New York City to Manhattan.

In the first place—Manhattan admits of no euphony whatsoever in the hands, or, more properly speaking, in the mouths of Hudson River Railroad brakemen. It would then degenerate to nothing less than a most ineuphonic and nasal "Man-hen!" A style of hen which we submit is at least obsolete, if ever in use. Not so New York! With what a rhythm does the "Neo Yoick" burst from the swelling throat of the Nightingale of the Brakes, and what an iconoclast is he who would thus ruthlessly destroy the rhythmic pleasure such warbling can only impart to the tired traveler!

Again, Manhattan signifies drunkenness. We are prepared to admit that New York is as full

as a city can be and retain its happiness; but that is no reason why we should fasten upon it the name of a most vicious—though intoxicating—habit. Fulladelphia would perhaps be as euphonic as New York and as significant as Manhattan; but any such invidious appellation, we feel sure, would be considered as much of an insult to our convivial citizens as an affront to our Temperance advocates.

Last, concerning this particular change, we beg to call Mr. Field's attention to a glaring inconsistency in his remarks. With a sneer upon his lips, he warns his hearers against the belief that he would do as Postmaster-General Hatton did, and name fifty thousand small post-offices after himself. Now, if Mr. Field is sincere in his objection to having these small post-offices named after this man Hatton, why does he so earnestly advocate the naming of two of our largest post-offices when combined after some other Manhattan? The latter, probably, never higher in office than a Dutch Commissioner of Excise. The former not only an officer of the general government, but also the editor of several dozen patent inside country newspapers!

"Look at the map of New York," says Mr. Field: "on the shore of a lake famed for its beauty, the State has an asylum. You ask its name and are disenchanted: Ovid!"

Now, why should Mr. Field object to naming an asylum Ovid? Ovid was a poet, and it has been a time-honored custom to consider poets insane. Even Frederick Locker remarks:

"Dear poet, do not rhyme at all;
But if you must, don't tell your neighbors,
Or five or six who cannot scrawl
Will dub you donkey for your labors."

This being so, it seems to us, peculiarly fits the name Ovid for an insane-asylum. Homer fits into a blind-asylum, just as if he had been dove-tailed thither by Nature; and if the Greek poet's fame is to be perpetuated by such means, we think it hardly just that the distinguished Latin gentleman should be refused a like privilege.

"Banish 'ville,'" says Mr. Field. Why? "Because it is French." As for that, "Manhattan" is Dutch! Besides, we do not wish to banish "ville," for, if we were to render the termination obsolete, what would become of the humorists of our country? What could be substituted for singing the praises of Smith from Smithville, Binks from Binksville, and other villains equally renowned? Mr. Field does not reflect that a good name with "ville" affixed will, in most instances, cover a solid breviter line; and if he had

ever written for compensation on the penny-a-line basis, he would never have thus tried to precipitate beggary upon a struggling funny mankind.

We admit that divinity of nomenclature is desirable and especially needed in Connecticut. Within a radius of ten miles of Yale College a horseback-rider will stumble successively upon New Haven, North Haven, West Haven, South Haven, East Haven, Haven Centre and Haven only knows how many others, so that neither horse nor rider can tell the Haven where he would be, though in most instances he has no use for any of them. The old proverb about the wise child is there rendered, "It's a wise citizen that knows his own Haven."

Mr. Field suggests that some English termination to a prefix be used for designating our towns. Such as Cherry Valley, Long Meadow, etc. This is undoubtedly a good suggestion, and many good names occur to us, such as Damp Corners, Malarial Hill, Hard-to-Climb Mountain, Cord-Wood, and—happy thought!—Corn-Field, Pittfield, Monopolist-Field, Cyrus-Field, and, perhaps, Dudley-Field! Our orator would surely take no exception to such designations.

In conclusion, we cannot agree with the orator as to the euphonic picturesqueness of Indian names.

What beauty is there in Apalachkeyhokipokicoldinwinter River, as a noble stream in the South is called?

We cannot believe that Mr. Field would prefer to live in Oldmanafraidofthunderfield rather than in Tombstone, Arizona. We would even prefer Chinese designation, and choose to live in the Franco-Chinese settlement of Wun Lungville rather than in the Pinto town of Squaw-doworkinjunloaf!

And the pronunciation of these names! Indeed, our tongue is entirely too young for such a task; and no one could do them full justice unless he had been brought up with these names in the family, the nomenclature of a series of brothers and sisters.

We venture to assert that even the Nestor-like David Dudley would find them a far greater tax upon his labial and jawbial features than his brother Cyrus finds the State tax a weight on his Elevated Railways.

JOHN KENDRICK.

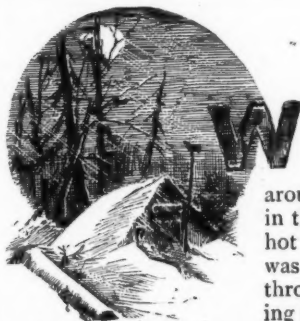
It is said that the average lobster lives six years. After that he is made into salad.

A SURPRISE PARTY.



A Vermont man whistled to a black bear the other night, thinking that it was his dog. This corroborates what we have already remarked about whistling being a bad habit.—Exchange.

TRACKS IN THE SNOW.



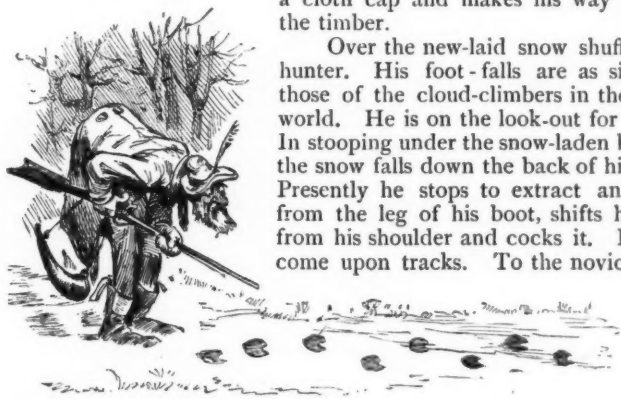
WINTER was upon us, and by the Great Horned Spoon, how the north wind's choice assortment of moans and groans had been chasing themselves all day around the log hut of old Von Dobbenspeck in the clearing! Now it was night—a regular hot Scotch night—cold, bitter and biting. It was as much as one's life was worth to go through the deadenings, for danger of the falling snags and old tree-tops. "Crash!—boom!

—thump!" How their tumbling made one quake! The wind let up at last, and the inky sky was shedding the first snow of the season. It sifted through the crannies of the hut and filled the boots of the sleeping hunter. How dreadfully still it was! Painfully so, and such a ringing in one's ears as to suggest that it was snowing quinine as a bracer, just as it sometimes is said to rain cats and canines. It is still dark but old Dobby is stirring about making a fire and getting breakfast. Prior to pulling on his boots he pours a pint of water out of each leg. Quickly he has bolted his food, poked his blue jeans into his boots, screwed on two black velvet ear-muffs, and lassoed his scraggy neck with a big woolen seine. He then suspends an intricate shot-belt around his waist, and fills his pocket with rags, a box of caps, and brings out from an old chest a home-made powder-horn.

The rifle, lean and long as its owner, has, unlike him, seen better days. It is an antique firearm, with a dolphin's head carved on the neck of the stock. How many different owners have grasped the fish has never been tallied. Innumerable swappings have occasioned it to shift about from one State to another as often as a dry-goods drummer.

Old Dobby removes the rifle from its cobwebby bed in its present home among the rafters. He draws back the fantastically-shaped hammer, and then, by blowing down the barrel, sends the hibernating spider therein on a pneumatic journey into the breech chamber. He holds both mittens between his teeth, while he covers the spider with powder and rams down the ball to keep him in. He then covers his head with a cloth cap and makes his way toward the timber.

Over the new-laid snow shuffles the hunter. His foot-falls are as silent as those of the cloud-climbers in the other world. He is on the look-out for tracks. In stooping under the snow-laden boughs, the snow falls down the back of his neck. Presently he stops to extract an icicle from the leg of his boot, shifts his rifle from his shoulder and cocks it. He has come upon tracks. To the novice they



would seem to be the careful imprint of an apple with a boss bite yanked out. To the old hunter they appear far different. His knees knock together as he mentally records the fact that a deer has tripped along that way. Then cautiously does old Dobby wind his way through the wild forest, over logs, through swamps, and under brier-bushes, for many tiresome miles. He heeds not all other signs, for he knows that

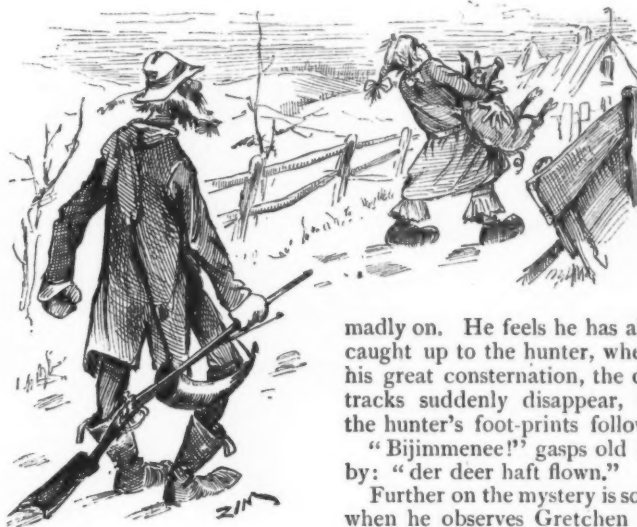


the tracks which resemble dissipated fours of clubs are made by the unsuspecting American hare (*lepus Americanus*); that the tiny narrow



"gouge" railway map tracks are of the common field-mouse; while the

"Notice" signs strung along the tops of logs suggest that the festive cat-squirrel has been cooling himself in search of nuts. The snow from the boughs fill the large pockets of the hunter. He skims over the covered leaves, save when he is in the act of extricating himself from hidden pit-holes into which he has inadvertently tumbled. At length, after going many weary miles, Von Dobbenspeck utters an exclamation of wrath, for right before him he spies human tracks. Evidently another hunter has struck in ahead on the deer's trail, and from the length of his strides he is in red-hot pursuit. Over hill and dale Von Dobby rushes



madly on. He feels he has almost caught up to the hunter, when, to his great consternation, the deer's tracks suddenly disappear, while the hunter's foot-prints follow on. "Bijimminee!" gasps old Dobby: "der deer haft flown."

Further on the mystery is solved, when he observes Gretchen Boogenshyne carrying in her arms a truant porker which had escaped from her old man's hog-pen that morning. There are tracks of a bevy of quail leading from a brush-heap into a corn-field. The tracks split fifty times into a score of trails and come together again, and then wind in circles around and around the stalks. On the dry snow the foot-prints of the quail look like arrow-heads. The trail reminds one of the Rosamond's bower puzzle. Dobby follows it in circles until he is seized with a vertigo and leaves the imprint of his left ear on the snow, which the observing farm-hands take for a pretzel. Cider spirits revive the dizzy hunter. The sun shines brightly, and the snow is soon a maze of tracks. Von Dobbenspeck's heart beats wildly, and rattles the caps in the little tin box. A wild turkey's track has been spied leading to the "mash." Cautiously the hunter follows on the trail. The "turk" has passed by one hour before. The unsuspecting hunter knows not, however, that it is an Underdonk turkey, scientifically so-called in honor of old Leverett Goldenbow Underdonk, M. A., who



used to teach school at Camden, N. J., and through a mysterious dispensation had his toes pointing to the rear.

Hence, if Von Dobbenspeck follows the trail, and the snow holds out, he will plod on into the past until he arrives, sooner or later, at the maternal egg.

NEVER JUDGE the prowess of a latter-day pugilist by the heroic tenor of his challenge.

A BOSTON CHILD recently choked to death on a hickory-nut. It is a lucky thing for most newspaper readers that chestnuts are not equally deadly.

NO, MY SON, it is a messenger-call, not a messenger-alarm. You may call the messenger, and he will eventually come. But you cannot alarm him. When people are alarmed, they run.

OUR BOYS.



"Don't disturb me just now, Pop; I'm busy preparing my paper on 'The Blessings of a Protective Tariff,' to read before our debating club next week!"

AN ACTOR'S LAMENT.

Home, sweet home, I'm far from home,
On home I've turned my back;
Through snow and sleet, with blistered feet,
I walk the railroad track;
With weeping eyes I count the ties,
And swear I'll no more roam,
Engagements make with a 'one-night fake'
So far away from home.

I pause to curb the solemn jest
That utterance would give birth;
A railroad spike has pierced my sole
And checked untimely mirth;
With courtesy I step aside
To let the express pass;
Oh, why did I myself write down
On three-sheet bills "an ass"?

My dear old tenement-house sweet home,
With nineteen on a floor,
I see it dimly as a dream
That's past to come no more;
The telegraphic posts I count,
Just forty to a mile,
Though many inn-ings I have made,
I cannot raise a smile.

In vain I clutch my trusty cane,
And struggle through the snow,
The sleepers are but treacherous aids,
My funeral gait is slow;

I've eaten the binding from my coat, I'm snow-bound, eating snow:
If ever I strike Union Square, From home no more I'll go.



ARCHIBALD HEAD.

SERIOSA: DIVERS FANCIES OF DERVISH FERISHTAH.

That is not a trade-mark. Nor the tail of a kite. Nor the remains of a foot-ballist. It is not the cipher invented by a charming young lady novelist for her desperate villain.

Then what is it? Guess.

Something about the Keely Motor?

No.

Something invented by Mr. Hayes for sedentary parties?

Close! It is the name of a new book by Robert Browning.

Who is Robert Browning?

Come off! He is the man invited by Puck to step right up and take a beer or a cocktail at his discretion.

And you want to know which he took?

He hasn't taken either yet. He wants both. But he had better take the cocktail.

Because men who take cocktails never write cook-books in verses eight feet long, and convulse the English language, working it into a rhyme to "ortolans."

"Did you ever eat ortolan?" asks Mr. B.

None of your business, Mr. Browning. We would probably eat ortolan if we couldn't get anything else.

But did you ever part your hair so far on the side that it crowded your left ear down into your collar? You did? Well, then, don't crow because you were invited out to dinner one day and saw an ortolan. Stick to your dollar rhyming dictionary, Mr. Browning, and the next time you sit for your picture, wipe off that satisfied smile, and get the photographer to put it behind the sky.

The story of how Mr. Browning hit upon his title reads almost like a "personal." One of those charming personals which inform the masses how many lines a great man writes per day, or how many horse-chestnuts he generally lugs around in his pockets, or what he said when he met Emerson. Such a "characteristic bit of gossip" is this; full of the most delightful triviality.

It seems, then, that the poet, contemplating one day his accumulation of MSS., concluded that his month's work would do for another long-looked-for volume. He, therefore, put on his flowing cloak, went into the busy mart, and

bought two paper-fasteners. On his walk he took no note of time, being exclusively engaged in humping his shoulder forward according to the fashion set by Tennyson in the frontispiece of his complete works.

Among great literary men the "Tennysonian Helix" is considered a very neat design of hump, and is used for street-wear and receptions.

When the poet, humping along as above, happened to meet intimate friends, he passed them unnoticed. This was not rudeness at all: it was business. He wished to give the impression that several immortal new poems were streaming through his mind, and that, like Coleridge, he was trying to keep his grip on them until he could get "pen and paper."

Arriving at his own gates, the poet, according to the fine old custom, threw a half-crown to the porter. Then he went into the house and charged the half-crown up to the porter on the day-book. Immediately thereafter he dove into the kitchen, got a hammer, a nail and a piece of pie, returned, piled up the MSS., drove two holes through them, mentioned that

he had mashed his thumb, put in the fasteners, and sat down with the stimulating pie to compose the title.

"I will make another jest," said he: "This is an extremely witty book—I will call it 'Seriousness.'"

In half-an-hour he polished "Seriousness" into "Seriosa." This was quick work.

Then—he does not attempt to explain how, but probably it was the pie—then occurred to him the novel idea of introducing an alliteration. Without a pause he wrote: "Seriosa: Sombrous Sophistry of the Salfidians." He read this to himself fifty or sixty times, and the scholar of him was satisfied; not so his pie-excited genius, for, like a flash, there came the grand thought of a double alliteration. He ran for another piece of pie, and, reseizing the pen, began his gigantic labors.

"Divers Fancies of Dangerous Fratricides"; "Divers Fancies of Different Faro Banks"; "Divers—"

But in the lofty ether, where his freed mind now soared at ease, it is impossible for us to follow him.

SCIENTISTS, ATTENTION!



PUCK.—"At last I have discovered perpetual motion!"

There is something about pie which its votaries find in neither hasheesh, opium nor alcohol. Chemists are silent on this subject, and lay investigation has hitherto turned back in dismay. What is this something in pie? Molasses, nutmeg, and a grocer's quart of cheap apples? Is that all? It boots not. Or, if it does boot, it makes no difference. That pie has an exalting, frenzying effect on the human brain, is now too well established to be admitted by the most skeptical. Mr. Fremont Hayes, in his "Confessions of a Pie-Biter," boldly asserts this doctrine with many qualifications. He says chicken-pie is the only temperance pie; and points with sorrow to the thousands of young journalists who are now traveling with ghastly mirth and song on the steep road to ruin which leads through the pie-joints of our large cities.

In the case of Mr. Browning, the pie was true to its work: at the last mouthful he struck off the wonderful title, and fell back in a state of insensibility among the soft folds of his sensuous alabaster rug.

WILLISTON FISH.

PRAIRIE EXPERIENCES.

We have received a neatly gotten-up little book from the Orange Judd Co., entitled "Prairie Experiences in Handling Cattle and Sheep." This is a most timely and interesting work, and will, no doubt, be hailed with delight from one end of the country to the other.

We know how careful one must be in handling cattle on the prairies if he wants to live; because we have frequently heard of a man picking up a horse or cow in an absent-minded manner and forgetting to put it down, much to the disgust of his friends and relatives, who discovered him taking an airing on the end of a rope the next morning.

We don't know ourselves the proper method of handling a cow on the prairie, because we have no prairie, and get our milk of a milkman; but we know how to manipulate a cow in the garden.

First, close all the gates, that the cow may not escape; then take a base-ball bat in your right hand and the cow's tail in your left, and commence the operation of drumming on her flanks. This will start her into a run, and give you splendid exercise. Never mind where she runs, don't let go. Allow her to drag you through rose-bushes and over damp, soggy beds so hard and fast that she will churn her own milk, but you keep up the music with the bat, and on the following morning she will go into your neighbor's garden and leave yours alone.

The proper way to handle hogs is to take them by the coat-collar, lift them off the ground, and gently but firmly shoot them into space on your foot. Hogs are always best salted.

"Prairie Experiences" is, strangely enough, by a man named Shepherd, who may or may not have got his impressions on the Jersey Flats. We must admit that we admire the dignified pose and haughty demeanor of the gold bull that ornaments the cover. We also think of our school-days as we gaze upon the Greek letters branded on the bull's sides.

The illustrations are very interesting. Corot never made anything like them. They are mostly ranches, and the only respect in which they are not true is that there seems to be in them a great paucity of derringer and whiskey-bottle.

On page 132 there is a man with four holes in the crown of his hat aiming a pistol at his companion, that he may kill a sage hen who, finding herself away to one side, is making a desperate struggle to fly in front of the pistol for safety. The stencil-plates for branding cattle on page 182 show great ingenuity; and the characters, no doubt, make themselves felt when they are put on the bovine envelope red-hot.

PEANUTS AND CAMELS.

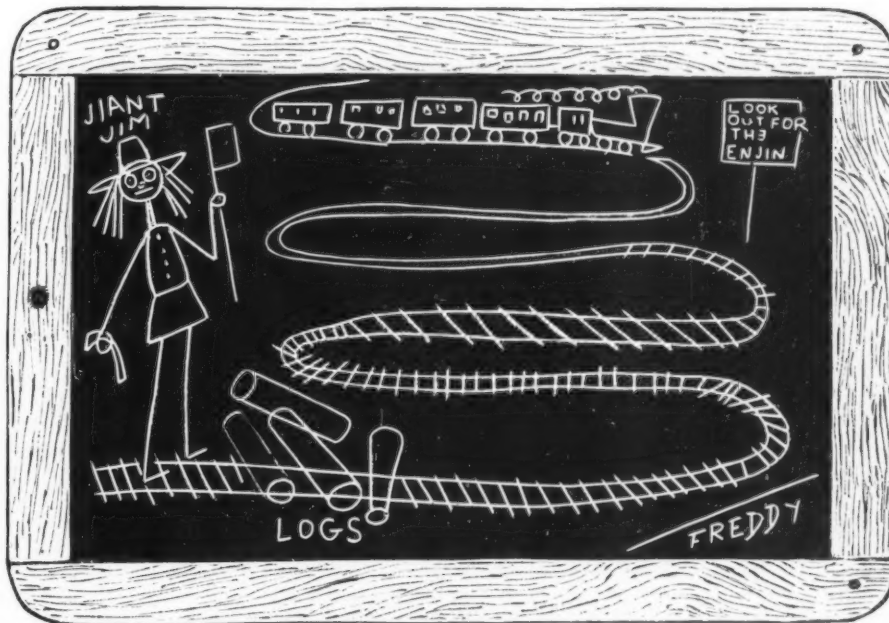
A NEW VIOLET-BLUE has been called Yeux Dogmar, as it is similar in tone to the eyes of the Empress of Austria, who was formerly Princess Dogmar. America ought to "see" Austria now by getting up a new black-purple shade, and call it Yeux Sullivan, an imitation of the color of the eyes of the opponent of the Boston Boy at the end of the first round.

"FROM THIS time henceforth Tennessee school-directors must know how to read and write." Step by step are the liberties of the people being restricted. Pretty soon they will demand that a school-teacher shall be obliged to spell his own name correctly before he can be granted a certificate.

"WHAT IS A Christian?" asks an out-of-town editor. That is very hard to answer. He generally isn't an editor.

FREDDY'S SLATE

AND HIS LITTLE LETTER TO THE EDITOR.



newyorkmartchen

dear puck

i cend you this weke a car Toon ilustraitin my novle

jiant gim The hitoand tranerecker of the cierr nevadas

all so The cecond chapter chap too*

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freddy

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noats

*this thrillen an hily intrestin cereal was commenat in numbar 497 off puck bac numbars cann Be had At the orlis

**jim jonson ses this werd is speld rescu but itt looks better my waigh

PROFESSOR PROCTOR says that the world will be a solid glare of ice in 60,000,000 years, and asks: "Where shall we get anything to eat then?" To the man who is unable to determine where his next meal is coming from, this seems to be needless curiosity.

THE OLDEST son of Rutherford B. Hayes is practising law, and it is reported that a few days ago his father called to see him, and wanted him to enter a suit against one of his hens for not laying regularly.

"UNEASY LIES the head that wears a crown." That is true; but it don't lie half as uneasy as the head that wears a coal-box, and undertakes to sleep with it on after a masquerade ball.

DR. DIO LEWIS publicly advises the American people not to eat so much. This would seem to indicate that the Doctor intended to start a boarding-house.

IN COREA, women never have names of their own. A Corean woman knows how to sympathize with the husband of an actress.

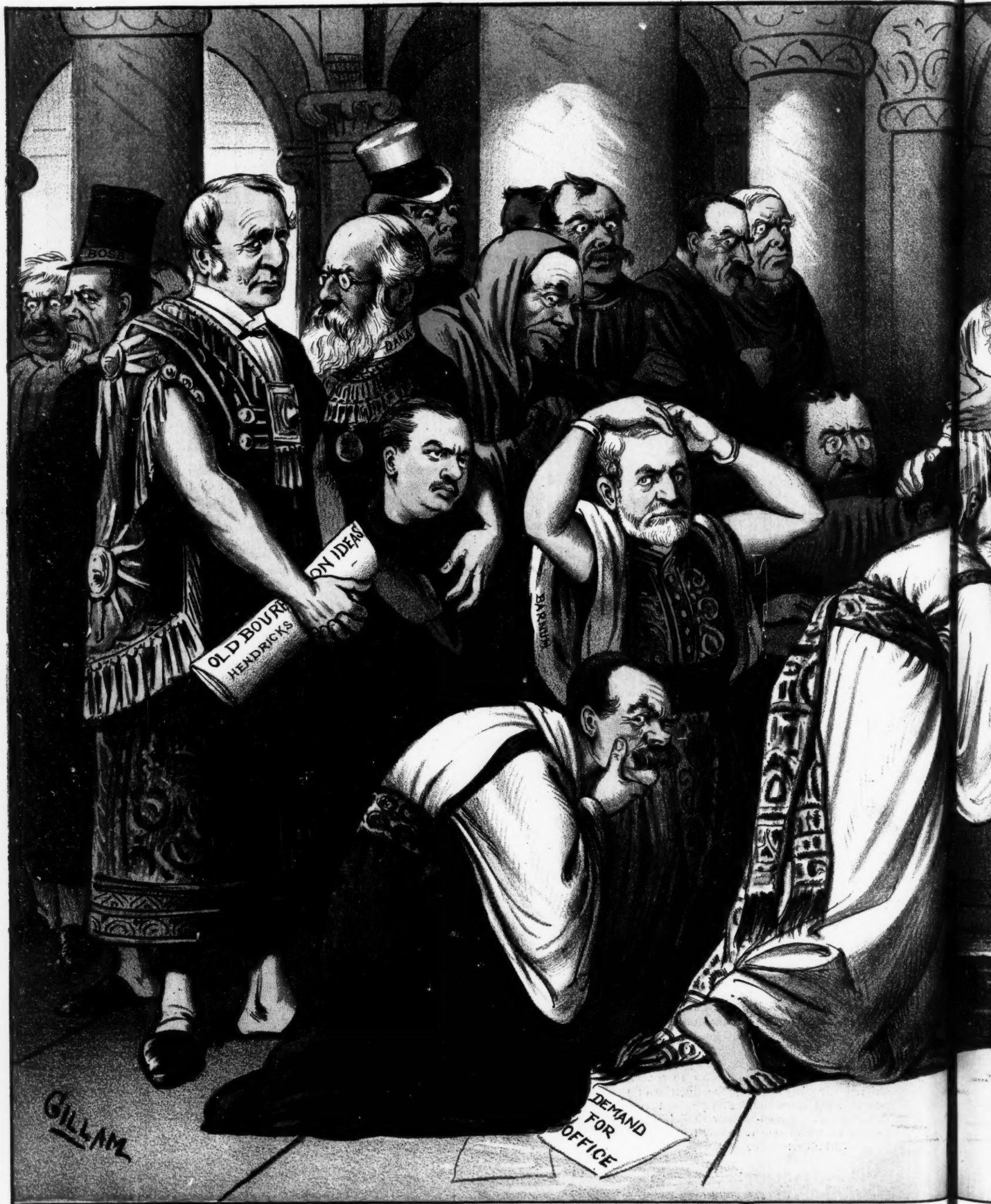
Answers for the Anxious.

J. H. B., Auburndale, Mass.—Thanks. You are right.

P. P.—No thanks. No, we don't mean "No, thanks." We mean No Thanks.

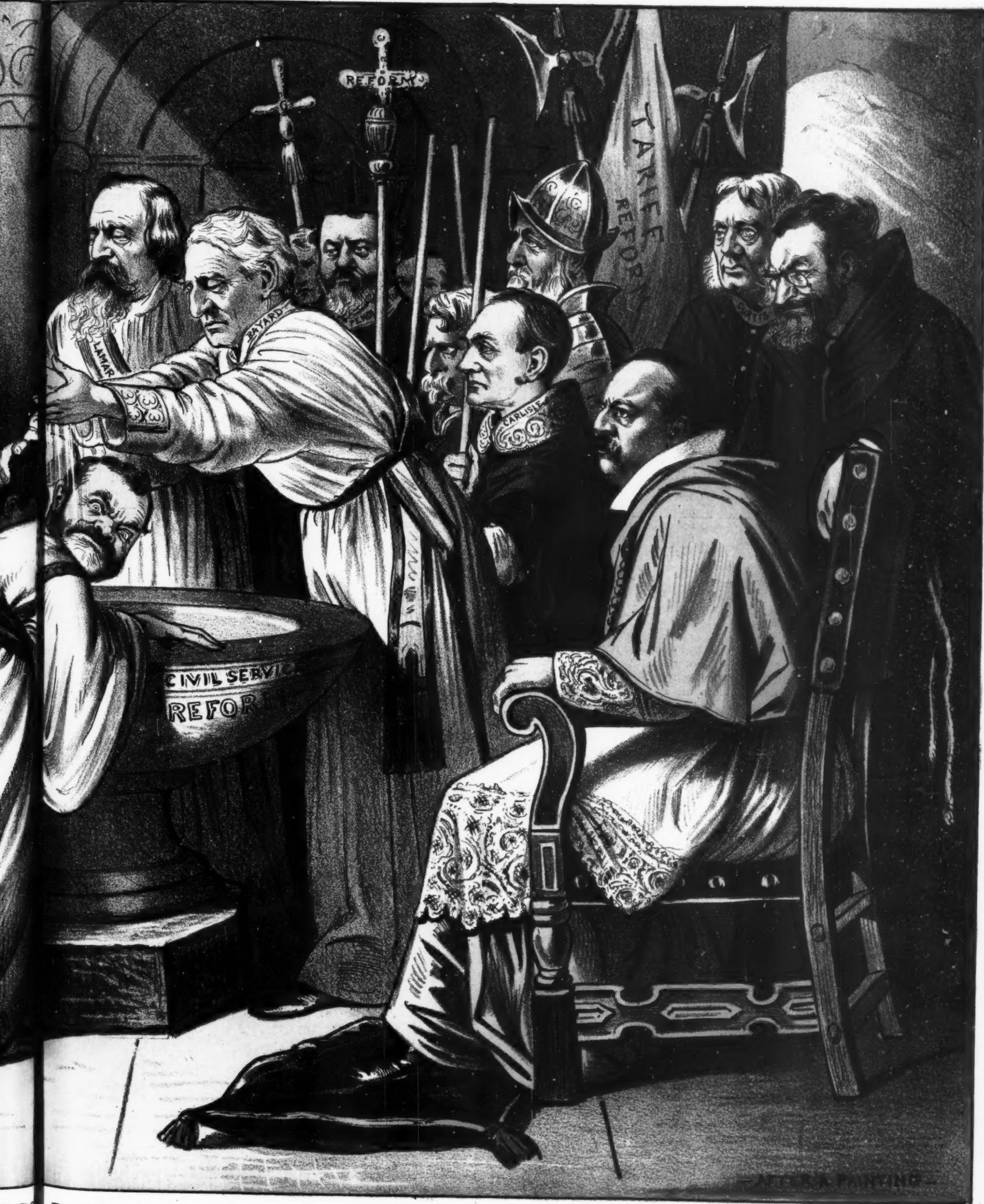
S. LUNN.—Yes, Cleveland being in a state of ecstasy as well as in the State of Ohio has been done before. So has the man who did it. He was done brown over a slow fire.

ETHEL MURRAY.—Yes, dear. You want us to tell you where you can get Mr. Henry James's last novel done up with Hamburg edgings? And you wish to know if that is an inconsiderate or unreasonable request? No, dear, it's not. At least, it is not inconsiderate. And it wouldn't take us two strokes of this able and brilliant pen to tell you just where to go. But we will not gratify you. We cannot. We should like to; but we know what would happen if we did. We do not run this column to furnish information to Vassar College and Sweet Gum Seminary. We have a high and holy mission. We are here to keep the poet-crop within bounds, and we cannot step aside from that stern and awful task to make a gazetteer of ourselves. We love you, Ethel, we sympathize with you; but we can't answer your question. If we did, we should have you at us again inside of a week, asking us if we think you ought to trim your *gros grain* satin plush with guipure Kalamazoo lace, or whether we don't think it would look prettier cut *à la princesse*. And that is where we draw the everlasting line.



COMPULSO BA

In 1500, after the Conquest of Granada, Ferdinand V. com the v

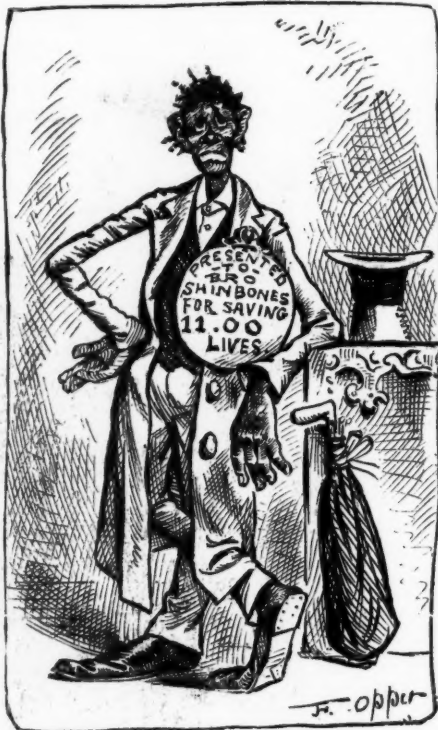


LSO BAPTISM.
V. com the vanquished Moors to submit to the rite of Baptism.

SHINBONES AS A LIFE-SAVER.

It was evening. The gray shadows of the dusk were gathering over the happy homes of Hoboken. Brother Peter Maguff was sitting in his favorite corner by the fire-place, trying to extract from his banjo with its solitary string a new version of "Sweet Violets." To him came Brethren Squeezeout Peabody, accompanied by his *fidus Achates*, Brother Wakeup Misery, and Brother Shinbones Smith. When the four had seated themselves around the blazing log, the conversation turned upon Spring freshets.

"Yas, sah," said Brother Shinbones: "I'se done gone seed some putty libely freshits, chillen, I tole yo'. W'y, oncet, w'en I war libbin' on de banks ob de Allegheny Ribber, neah ter Pittsbu'g, I done gone sabel 'bout 'leben hund'ed folks's libes at de time ob one ob de freshits."



"How war dat, Brud-der Shinbone?" inquired Peter, always ready to aid and abet the old man in one of his yarns.

"Wal, now, chillen," said old Shinbones: "jess listen ter me, an' I tole yo' all about de rackit. Yo' see, de freshits used ter carry away a awful lot o' houses an' t'ings up de ribber. Wal, dar war logs an' furniture an' chickens an' hams an' bed-clothes an' all kinds ob t'ings floatin' down all de time. Wal, de cullud poperlation ob dat dar town war putty durn fly, chile, an' don't furgit dat. De niggahs got right up an' went in fur business. Dey skeert up all de boats an' rafts dey

could lay deir han's on, an' dey moseyed right down ter de ribber an' got ter wuck. Deir rackit war ter row out inter de ribber an' pick up de good t'ings wot come a-floaten down de stream. I tole yo', chillen, de niggahs had a boss picnic dere. But byme-by dere got ter be a heap o' trouble on de ribber.

"Ebbery now 'n' den a whul house, kibbered all ober wid people an' chillen, would come a-sailin' down de ribber. Dat war all right in de day-time, but de niggahs war a-doin' most ob deir wuck in de night, 'kase dey didn't want de common w'ite trash ter tumble ter de rackit. So I seed dat dar war gwine ter be a good many libes lost jess 'kase dar warn't no way o' findin' out w'en a house war comin' down. So I went out in de night onter de Hand Street bridge, an' I rigged t'ings up. I got an ole bell wot I foun' a-rustin' in a foundry-yahd down onter Duquesne P'int, an' I hung her up under de middle span ob de bridge, whar all de houses come down. Den I put a rope onter de bell an' rigged it up so dat de people onter de houses could reach it. Den w'en de houses come a-floatin' down de nex' night ebberyt'ing war all right. De people on de houses would see de rope by de light ob de bridge-lamps, an' dey'd grab hold ob it an' try ter climb up. De rope war too small fur dat, but de bell would ring like blazes, chillen, an' den all we niggahs wot war a-fishin' t'ings out'n de ribber down by de Allegheny bridge 'd know dat a house war a-comin'."

"An' so," broke in Squeezeout: "de cullud pussuns in de boats an' on de rafts would row ter de house an' sabe de people onter it. Dat war bully."

"G'way, chile!" exclaimed Shinbones, in great disgust: "dat warn't de rackit at all. De blame houses war all de time a-runnin' ober de niggahs in de boats, an' w'en de bell ring den we knowed dey war a-comin', an' could git out'n de way. W'y, chillen, ef I hadn't done dat dare'd 'a' b'en 'bout 'leben hund'ed niggahs drowned. Dis hyar cullud pusson's smahtness war wot sabel deir libes."

And Shinbones wondered why his story was not received with more enthusiasm.

W. I. HENDERSON.

THERE is a time to laugh and a time to sing, and a time to be merry and a time to weep; but there is no time in this wide, wide world to button a brand-new, four-ply linen collar on a celluloid collar-button without wishing that some one had invented a few words of heavy calibre to fill a long-felt want.

BOSTON BITS.

THE MAN who has seen the first blue-bird has been dropping in on editors all the past week.

IT is feared that Mr. Arthur will do so much sitting down now that his trousers will bag at the knees.

SINCE THE Inauguration it has been gradually dawning on Mr. Hendricks that he was not the central figure after all.

IT is rumored that a man lately told Jay Gould that he was "dying with hunger," and Jay said he was glad to hear he had company.

THE ENGLISH government wants Wolseley to avenge Gordon, but does not say a word about calling him home to slaughter the Ministry.

"OUR HASTY actions disclose as nothing else does our habitual feelings," says some one who evidently noticed a man who had lost his foothold on a slippery walk.

THE DOG who rises in the morning, licks his chops, shakes himself, and is then ready for the day, comes about as near to the true idea of Jeffersonian simplicity as one could desire.

A BOSTON CLERGYMAN preached last Sunday on the "Roller-Rink Curse." This is the first information we have received that a man was expected to use any set form of words when he connected with the floor.

EL MAHDI has been to visit the tomb of his grandfather. It is supposed that he heard an Arab had once died, and, not having seen any evidences of it in the contest with the English, wanted to find out if it were really true.

L. ARCY.

THE DOOR-STEP.

SMALL BOY.

May I go in and sit
A little while on the range?
I just fell into the creek,
And of clothes I need a change.
And if I go to my home,
A trunk-strap will make me fly—
Then, may I sit down on your range
For a little while to dry?

OLD LADY.

You can't sit down on my range,
And mustn't be hereabout;
On my range you couldn't dry,
Because the fire's gone out.
And the best thing you can do,
You shock-haired little chap,
Is to run away to your ma,
And ride on the fiery strap.



SMALL BOY.

Oh, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!
So that is your little game,
You great old scarecrow guy,
You sinewy, scrawny dame!

Go twist up your cork-screw curls,
Old fright of the wrinkled mien,
And take to writing verse
For a popular magazine.

THE LONGWIND ECONOMY.

"My dear," said Mrs. Longwind: "do you not think that it would be a good idea for you to clear the ice and snow off of the pavement yourself, and thus save the expense of hiring a boy to do it?"

Now, the expression used by Mrs. Longwind was what might be called a regular formula in our domestic dialect. When, with her sweetest smile, Mrs. Longwind says: "My dear, do you not think that it would be a good idea to"—do any particular thing, I recognize it as a Medo-Persian edict. Within the soft caressing glove is the mailed hand of stern authority, to be acknowledged by the same unquestioning acquiescence which is expressed in the set-phrase of the Orientals: "To hear is to obey!" Not always has my judgement of the situation been so accurate and practical. Time was when certain antiquated notions of masculine supremacy and marital authority led me to take a position upon which I now look back with mild astonishment at the folly of a young husband whom I need not name. Let the veil be drawn over the series of incidents or occurrences which opened the eyes of the youthful bridegroom, and led to the just and calm appreciation of established facts above indicated.

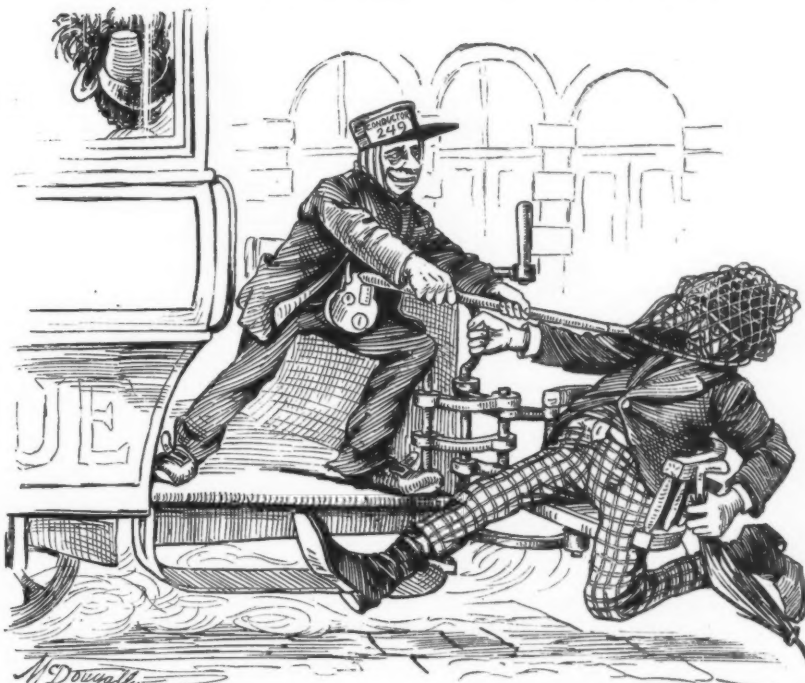
We were standing at a front window. A boy, poorly clad and appearing to be in a state of semi-starvation, stopped on the sidewalk, endeavoring to attract our attention by violently waving a rusty shovel and hatchet. The smile fled from Mrs. Longwind's countenance. She sternly raised the window, and in reply to the question: "Want yer pa'ment cleaned fur a quarter?" she uttered a freezing "No!" which certainly reduced that boy's internal temperature to at least twenty degrees below zero. Turning to me, she said:

"It must be done to-day, though, for the Mayor said that all the fines last year amounted to only fifteen hundred dollars, and that the laws must be enforced."

"Did he give that as the reason for enforcing the laws?" I remarked, with some severity in my tone.

"Well, not exactly that," she replied, somewhat abashed: "The amount of the fines was mentioned in his report, and the remark about

IS IT TOO MUCH TO EXPECT?



AS THEY WILL NOT STOP THE CARS FOR MEN, WHY NOT HAVE SOME SUCH ARRANGEMENT AS THIS?

the enforcement of the laws was made to a reporter."

"Mrs. Longwind," said I, majestically: "be careful not to traduce the reputation of a valued public servant. There is a difference of only two letters between the words 'report' and 'reporter,' yet it is scarcely fair to take separate statements from these two sources, and weld them together as if His Honor had used them consecutively in a single sentence. The perquisites of the Mayor are exactly proportioned to the amount of fines received. By speaking as you did you imputed mercenary motives to the chief executive officer of our city."

Let no one be surprised at the daring courage of this last remark. Thus, when an op-

portunity occurs, I make a show of superiority, which Mrs. Longwind understands to be merely "a salve for my wounded honor." She is satisfied with the reality of power, and carefully retaining the kernel, she as carefully yields to me every particle of the shell. She demurely acknowledged her fault, but again suggested the importance of a speedy performance of the work in hand.

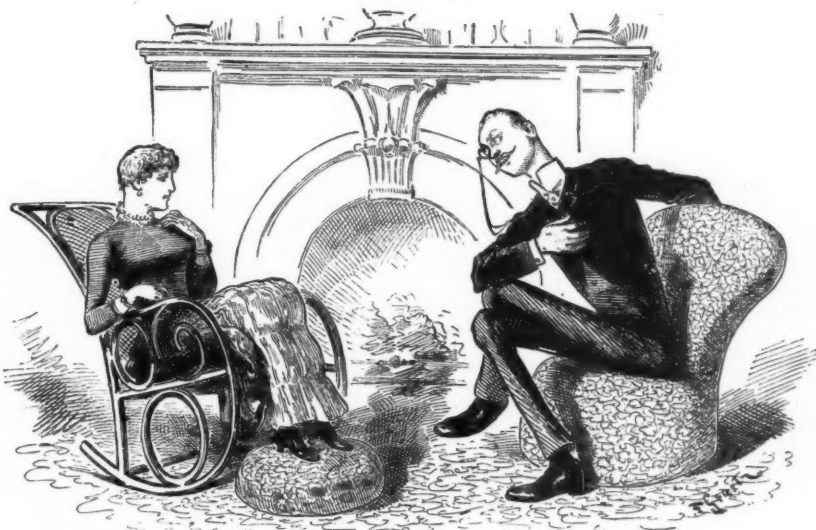
I at once set out to make my preparations for the arduous task before me. Our pavement was fifty feet long by ten in width. A heavy snow, partially melted immediately after its fall, had been so speedily followed by a severe frost that it had remained for several days tightly glued to the pavement. Great lenity had been shown by the municipal authorities, but now a moderate thaw made it possible, with some little effort, to comply with the City-Ordinance "for such cases made and provided."

I went first to my store and gave some necessary orders to my head-clerk, specially cautioning him that if Mr. Tenney should arrive he should send for me at once. Mr. Tenney is a valuable customer, of peculiar disposition, who has been hesitating for some time whether to give his custom to my establishment or to that of the only rival whose competition is worthy of serious consideration. I can always personally manage his case. He likes to deal with the proprietor himself, and Simpson, my rival, has lost several large orders by happening to be absent when Mr. Tenney had come to his store. "Simpson was not on hand," said the disappointed buyer: "The proprietor always ought to be on deck during business hours."

Having provided, as well as I could, for this emergency, I proceeded to a hardware-store, where I purchased a snow-shovel, a spade and a sort of ice-pick which was a compromise between a harpoon and a crowbar, and which was strongly recommended as being of singular utility in loosening the ice from the pavement. I then went to a shoe-store and procured a pair of rubber boots. This last purchase had been suggested by Mrs. Longwind as one of prime necessity for the work before me.

When I returned home, I found that three of the neighboring pavements, fully equal in extent to mine, had already been "cleared off"

OF COURSE.



"Ah, how did you enjoy the play last night?"

"Hugely!"

"Beautiful plot, was it not?"

"Well, I don't know, I didn't pay much attention to it."

"Didn't?"

"No. In fact I can't remember what the play was called."

"Impossible!"

"Oh, no. Fact is, I was with a theatre-party."

"Oh, I see."

with great thoroughness by the half-starved boy, who was just beginning work before the house of my next-door neighbor. This put me on my mettle, especially as Mrs. Longwind was sitting at the window to cheer me with her approving smile.

The rapid work of that half-starved boy was at once an incitement and a discouragement to his well-equipped competitor. With that rusty hatchet and well-worn shovel, he removed the icy coating from those flag-stones with a speed and thoroughness which nerved me to deeds of desperation. Yet, before I had gone twenty feet he had finished his task, received his pay, together with a commendation of the manner in which the work had been performed, and stood a self-appointed superintendent of my unskillful efforts, his face expressing anything rather than approval of my methods. I had already blistered my hands. I had cracked the handle of my shovel, and then had had my fingers pinched in the crevice thus made. I had broken a pair of suspenders, and rescued my second-best silk hat from the gutter too late for any hope of renovation. All this had befallen me, and it should have been a warning; but the critical, sarcastic surveillance of that half-starved boy was more than I could bear. With frantic energy, I wielded my crow-bar-harpoon-ice-pick "not wisely, but too well," and a specially desperate lunge missed its mark, cut through my rubber boot, and nearly severed the great-toe from my left foot. As I was executing an impromptu dance, the nearest spectator approached and said, in his most insinuating tone: "Finish it up, sir, for twenty cents."

I had scarcely entered the house, after accepting this offer, when one of the store-boys arrived with a note from my head-clerk, containing the following statement:

"Mr. Tenney just came in. It was impossi-

ble to keep him a minute. He said that he wanted two thousand dollars' worth of goods, for which he had special customers; that he must return by the next train, and, as he could not wait for you, he was going over to Simpson's."

I was laid up for two weeks, nursing my injured foot. A somewhat longer time elapsed before I was entirely rid of the fear of lock-jaw. Not counting my loss of time, the transaction furnished the following instructive problem in profit and loss.

PROFIT.	
Saved by my labor	\$ 0.05
LOSS.	
Doctor's bill	\$ 20.00
Rubber boots	4.00
Silk hat	7.00
Suspenders	1.00
Tools, bought for \$3.50 and gladly sold to the half-starved boy for 50 cents, a loss of	3.00
Profit on lost sale to Mr. Tenney being ten per cent on \$2,000.00.	200.00
	<hr/>
	\$235.00
Net loss	\$234.95

I am afraid to add to the larger side of this account thirty-five dollars for a new dress given Mrs. Longwind to secure from her a promise never again to allude to this experience, "directly or indirectly, by sign, word or token."

LINKIE LONGWIND.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.
Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

Numbers 3, 4, 5, 6, 9, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 21, 22, 24, 25, 27, 29, 32, 33, 34, 37, 38, 41, 47, 48, 50, 53, 54, 56, 77, 79, 82, 87, 88, 131, 133, 154 and 371 of English Puck will be bought at this office at 10 cents, and numbers 10 and 26 at 50 cents per copy.

A DEGENERATE TIME.



FRAU BUMMELSCHEIDER.—"Dot girl of ours don' seem to get no fellers no more, ain't it?"
HERR BUMMELSCHEIDER (with a deep and tender sigh).—"Ach, dere ain't no more of dem cour-
achous men like dere vos in my time, Mrs. Bummelschneider."
—Neue Fliegende Blätter.

VOLUME XVI OF "PUCK."

Bound copies of Volume XVI. are now ready. They are made up of new copies especially reserved for this purpose, and will contain an illuminated title-page. They are to be bound in the most approved style, the centre cartoon being brought forward, displaying each cartoon and the reading-matter under same in full, which, by the old method, was partially concealed, thereby destroying its effect as a picture, and very often concealing the most essential point in the idea.

Price, Bound in Cloth..... \$3.75
Half Morocco..... 4.50

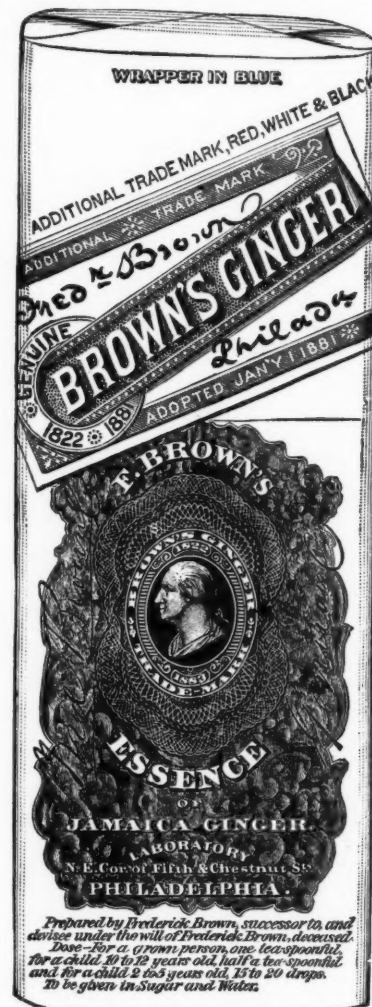
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KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN, Publishers PUCK,
Nos. 21, 23 & 25 Warren St., New York.

Below is a fac-simile of the Bottle of The Genuine Brown's Ginger

(SIZE REDUCED ONE-FOURTH.)

SEE THAT STRIP OVER CORK IS UNBROKEN.



—FOR—
Cramps, Colic, Stomach-Ache,
Indigestion, etc.

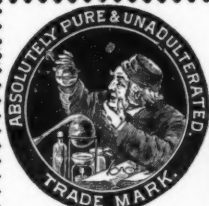
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IN FACT, IT IS A BEVERAGE AND MEDICINE COMBINED. and those afflicted with **HEMORRHOAGES**. **TO CONSUMPTIVES**, and those afflicted with **HEMORRHOAGES**. **WE WILL** on receipt of **SIX DOLLARS**, send to any address in the United States (East of the Rocky Mountains), all **Express Charges prepaid** a plain case (thus avoiding all opportunity for comment), containing **Six Quart bottles** of our **PURE MALT WHISKEY** and with it in writing, and under the Seal of the Company a **SURE AND POSITIVE CURE** for **CONSUMPTION** and other **WASTING DISEASES** in their early stages. This Formula has been prepared especially for us by the great German Scientist, **Dr. Von Vonders**. It can be prepared by any family housekeeper at slight expense (Raw Beefsteak and our **PURE MALT WHISKEY** being of the ingredients.)

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"Why," writes a High School boy: "do we always call Freedom 'she'? How do we know she is a woman?" Because, my son, she shrieked when Kosciusko fell. Had she been a man, she would have laughed and taken a drink.

"Sir, the Duke of Buckingham is married."
"Off with his night-key; so much for Buckingham."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

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Send 10c. for a pack of 50 of our New
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Fifty Cents for your trouble.
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**PUCK No. 371,
(April 16th, 1884.)**

**AT OFFICE OF PUCK,
21-25 Warren St. N. Y.**

It was one of those days when Jupiter Pluvius was attending to business himself, none of the deputy rain-gods with little tin water-carts attached being equal to the occasion. In the language of the old poem, "the rain fell in torrents." It was just one of those days when the inveterate and unconscionable punster puts on his old overcoat, and "rushes in where angels fear to tread."

"This weather," said he, as he smiled a ghastly, flickering smile: "reminds me of that remarkable period of art—"

"Well?" queried the innocent and round-shouldered editor.

"That period of art known as the rain nuisance."

The new fire-escape had not been adjusted; but the place where it's going was there, and the punster slid down the empty air in strict accord with the laws of gravity when accelerated by muscular activity. It will take a new suit of clothes, a half-pint of arnica, and a roll of surgeon's plaster to make him resemble a "renaissance" again.—*Hartford Post.*

"Do you know," remarked a prominent gentleman to us a few days ago: "Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is really a good thing. My daughter would have me use it for a bad cough, and it did cure me."

Carter's Little Liver Pills must not be confounded with common Cathartic or Purgative Pills, as they are entirely unlike them in every respect. One trial will prove their superiority.

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After carefully reading all the published ac-
counts of the Battle of Shiloh, up to date, I am
firmly convinced:

That there were never more than a sergeant
and ten men of the Confederate army actively
engaged at one time—

That Grant was surprised at all points—

That he was killed early in the first day's
fight—

That the Federal forces outnumbered the stars
in the heavens about ten to one—

That Grant's army was routed and driven
clear across the Tennessee River into the mount-
ains—

That it never came back and is there yet—

That the valor of a teamster in Buell's army
who did not get there until some time the next
week saved the day for Grant. I make this
statement on the authority of the teamster him-
self, who ought to know—

That a drummer-boy did all Grant's fighting
for him. I am credibly informed of this fact
by a son of the drummer-boy, who had it direct-
ly from his father.

The widow McLaughlin's husband, a corporal
who commanded the Federal right, finally led
the movement that drove Beauregard from the
field. I have a letter from the widow—who,
by the way, desires that her pension be in-
creased—to prove this:

That the fighting was done on the first day—
Except that which followed on the second
day—

That both sides were vastly outnumbered—

That each side lost the most men—

That it was only a reconnaissance in force—

That it was merely a skirmish—

That everybody in America was there—

That nobody was there—

That there was no Battle of Shiloh—

That there are a powerful sight more men
writing about it than were in the fight—

That the fiercest charge was made by the
sutler.—*R. J. Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.*

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Tasty Dishes for the Dinner and Supper table. 63

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PUCK No. 371,
(April 16th, 1884.)
AT OFFICE OF PUCK,
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Address THE FAMILY STORY PAPER, St. Johns, New-Brunswick.

DEACON BUCRAG addressed the Sunday-school as follows:

"I will tell you a story, dear children. Little Harry was a real good little boy; but his brothers, Tom and George, were bad and thoughtless. One day, while passing the house of a poor widow, Tom and George began to throw stones at her cat. Little Harry reminded them that this was very, very wrong, and remonstrated so earnestly that presently they stopped throwing stones at the cat. And now, dear children, what do you think Tom and George then did?"

"Began to throw stones at little Harry," was the general shout.—*San Francisco Ingleside.*

PUCK'S ANNUAL turns up opportunely at a blue moment, and we are forced to welcome its arrival with a broad grin. PUCK is a mugwump and a reactionist from the start; but his wit always has a point to it, and his efforts have a decided effect.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

A MAN had a story about a gun which he delivered himself of upon all occasions.

At a dinner-party, one evening, he writhed in his chair for over an hour, waiting for a chance to introduce his story; but no opportunity presented itself. Finally he slipped a coin into the hand of a waiter, and whispered: "When you leave the room again slam the door."

The waiter slammed the door as directed, and the man sprang to his feet with the exclamation:

"What's that noise? A gun?"

"Oh, no," resumed his host: "it was only the door."

"Ah, I see. Well, speaking of guns reminds me of a little story," etc.—*Drake's Magazine.*

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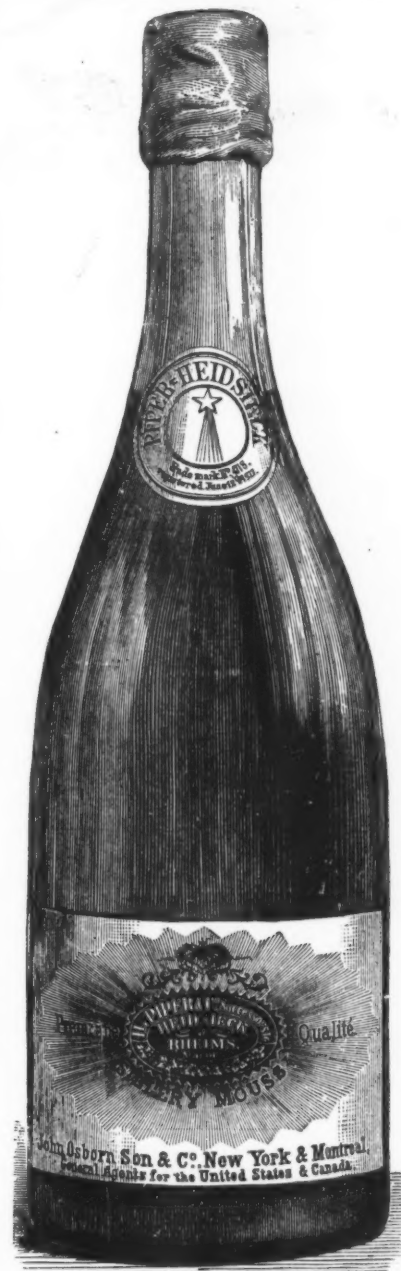
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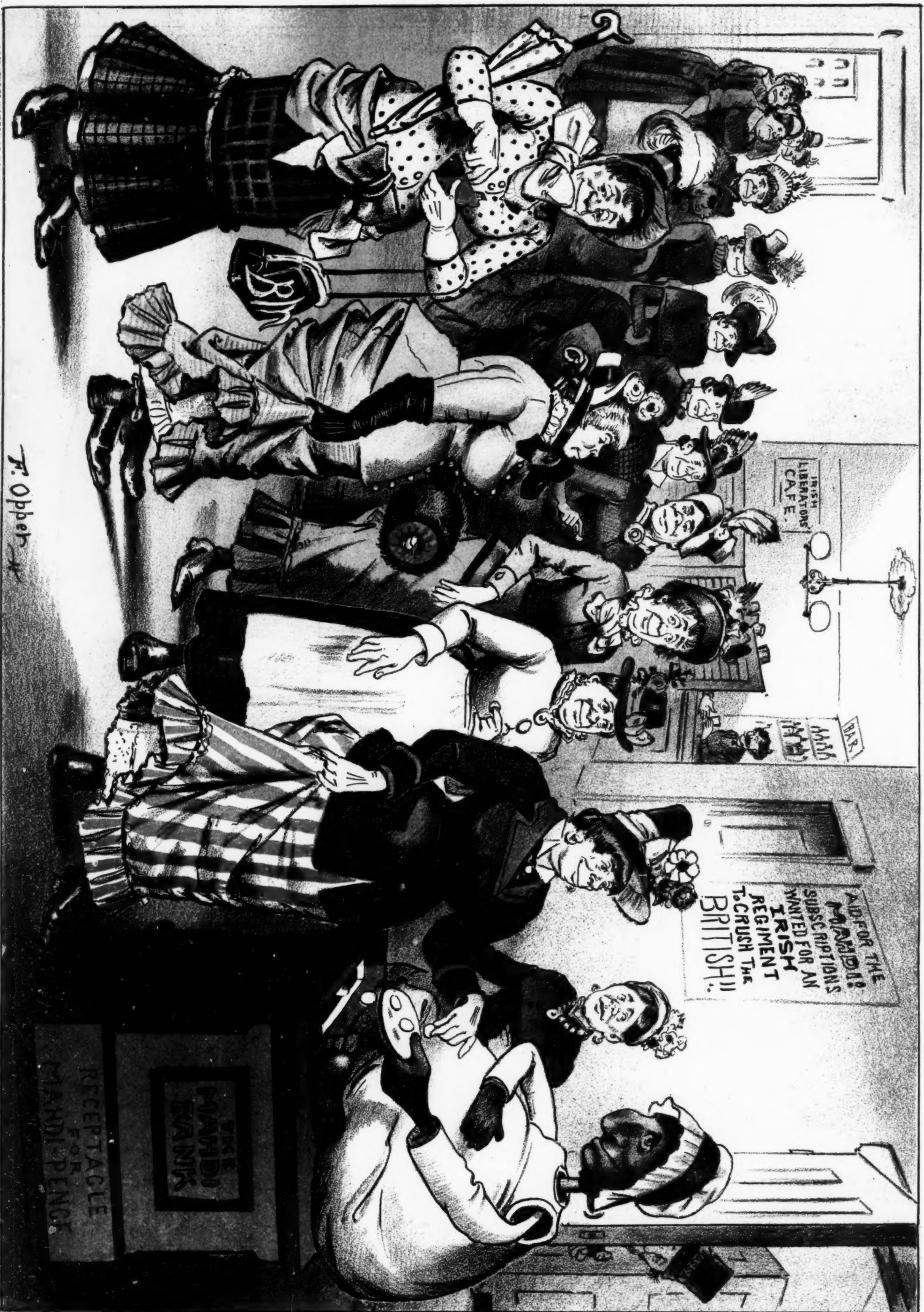
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N. B.—In writing, please state that you saw this in the English PUCK.

Piles—Piles—Piles

Cured without knife, powder or salve. No charge until cured. Write for reference, Dr. Corkins, 11 E. 29th St.



ANOTHER BLIND FOR THE BIDDIES.—THE DYNAMITERS' NEW DEVICE.